MISINTERPRETATION OF PROVIDENCE;

A

DISCOURSE

Delivered at Marblehead, December, 1846.

ON THE

DISASTERS AT SEA, SEPT. 19, 1846.

BY EDWARD A. LAWRENCE,
Pastor of the First Church in Marblehead.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT, AND THE NAMES OF THE PERSONS LOST IN THAT TERRIBLE GALE.

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DISCOURSE.

GENESIS xlii. 36.

"All these things are against me."

THIS is the language of deep despondency. The venerable patriarch who makes use of it, had arrived at that period of life when the grasshopper is a burden. Famine had been added to the bereavement which he suffered from the supposed loss of his son Joseph. Simeon was now detained a prisoner in Egypt, he knew not from what evil design, and it had become necessary for Benjamin to be carried down also. The good man, not perceiving the end whereunto these things "would grow," misunderstood the providences of God, and construed them all as against him. "Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me."

But how far this inference was from the true condition of things, he was soon to see. Joseph was not dead, but alive, and not only alive, but well, and not only well, but a powerful prince in Egypt. Simeon was indeed a prisoner, but for no evil purpose. And the requisition was made for Benjamin, only as preliminary to bringing into Egypt the patriarch himself with his numerous family. Here they are not to be held as captives in the hands of their conquerors, but cherished with respect and affection by their brother whom they had sold into bondage, and his "son that was lost but now is found." Thus Jacob's desponding interpretation of providence proved a *misinterpretation*. Those things which he concluded to be against him, were really for him. For, had there been no famine in the land, he would not have sent his sons into Egypt. But had they come not down to Egypt, they would not have found their brother. And had they not found *him*, they would have found no corn

in Egypt if they had gone there; for by his interpretation of the visions of the royal dreamer, it was that the seven years of famine were pre-announced, and by his direction that corn was reserved from the preceding years of plenty. Hence the father was to be cherished by the son whom he had mourned as lost, and preserved by those means which he thought were surely to destroy him.

In a similar manner men often misinterpret the providences of God, and misinterpreting, they repine at them and murmur when they might be acquiescent and content. They understand them not, because they do not so reflect upon them and compare them with other providential events, and with the word of God, as to perceive his design, and the ends which they may be made to subserve. We, my hearers, from the peculiar afflictions which have been recently brought upon us by disasters upon the sea, are liable to the same despondency and misconstruction. The last season has been one of universal sorrow and suffering to the citizens of this town. It is my wish, in addressing you upon this mournful theme, to present such thoughts as may be most suited to vindicate the ways of God, and, by leading to a right interpretation of these afflictive providences, to show wherein these things may be *for* rather than against us.

From the earliest settlement of this town, its inhabitants have been largely engaged in the fisheries. At some former periods in its history, it is said that a hundred and fifty schooners have been employed at one time in this business. From the disastrous consequences of the wars with Great Britain, the number had become very much reduced. In the spring of the present year, fifty vessels spread their canvass to catch the spendthrift winds, and sailing seven or eight hundred miles, a little north of east, arrived at the Banks of Newfoundland. Each of these vessels contained seven men—in all three hundred and fifty. Here they plough the tumultuous prairies, wherein are fattened numerous finny herds to be "meat" for man, and dropping the reins upon the neck of their huge oak-ribbed, aquatic steeds, "they cast in the hook and take up the fish that first cometh up."

The vicissitudes of the season were much as usual until the 19th of September. Two days before, to the practised eye of the mariner, the dark clouds lying along the eastern horizon, and the heavy seas rolling from the west, were portentous of the approaching storm. The night of the 18th was dark and foggy; in the early part of Saturday, the 19th, a gentle breeze arose and swept from the bosom of the ocean the dense fog which had lain upon it, but which soon filled the air with the thick "wind food." From nine o'clock in the morning till three in the after-

noon, the wind increased from a mild zephyr to a violent gale. In the meantime the men were preparing themselves, as best they could, some to ride out the storm, and some to run before the wind. "They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble." Between three and four o'clock, the wind suddenly changed, creating *cross*-seas, and bringing them into that most difficult of all conditions in which to guide a ship, a "place where two seas meet." Now came their hour of trial. They were in the midst of a furious gale, and their ships were rolling, and leaping, and creaking, and "staggering like a drunken man." Dark *night* was just at hand to wrap them in her sable mantle. Cross-seas were striding over the heaving bosom of the angry deep like hostile armies, and the maddened surges, "lifting up their hands on high," now rush, trampling one upon another, now break, pouring from their top-mast height like a resistless cataract, before which the sturdiest ship could no more stand than the frailest bark. Some now cut their cables and drift. Some are thrown upon their vessel's side and drift. Some ship a sea and are disabled. Some, in the deep, dark night are driven and dashed, one upon another, and founder together. Some are thrown down once, some twice, and one *three times*, and yet come upright again. That was a *dreadful* night, in which,

> "Tremendous sea * * * thou liftedst up
> Thy waves on high, and, with thy winds and storms
> Strange pastime took."

Death, ghastly, terrible death, stood frightfully before them; screeching winds howled dismally around them. It was a time when men's thoughts ran with lightning speed far away to their homes and friends; husbands thinking of their wives, and fathers of their children; sons of their dependent mothers, and brothers of their sorrowing sisters, whom imagination brings before them clad in mourning weeds, and weeping. In that dread moment, how did the mind, at a glance, survey the whole past life, and then throwing itself forward upon that future world which seemed so near, rest with tranquil *hope*, which, like an unmoving anchor, holds them in the storm; or, shrink back with dreadful *fear*, as they had trusted in or neglected Him, who is man's only help in time of need. O, the thoughts, and feelings, and convictions, and prayers, which rushed into this terrible moment, must have made it to the unprepared, appalling beyond description. Fear came upon them like an armed man, and they were "at their wit's end."

About twelve o'clock the wind began to "lull." "They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distress. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet."

But, alas, *eleven* out of the fifty vessels from this town, probably between the hours of four and ten o'clock on that sad night, were lost. From one out of the eleven, the whole crew was taken off by a vessel bound to New York. From another, after remaining eleven days on the wreck, five were saved by one of our own fishing vessels. On that memorable night, *sixty-five* of our fellow citizens found a watery grave. Of this number, *two-thirds* were heads of families, leaving forty-three widows and about one hundred and fifty fatherless children. Parents have lost their sons, some of them one, some two, and in one or two instances *three*. Sisters have been bereaved, some of an equally large number of brothers. In one case a wife lost her husband, a brother, a son-in-law, and two sons of a brother. And so many are the families which have been bereaved among us, that it is almost easier to number those that are not afflicted than those that are.

Who now can tell the *suffering* in these families during the period of apprehension and suspense connected with this disaster. That same night was marked as an epoch on the *land*, as well as on the sea. Wives, and mothers, and sisters of those whose "march was on the mountain wave," signalized it by fears, and sighs, and prayers, and some of them by a kind of presentiment that their friends would come no more. The raging winds drove "sleep" from their eyes, and seemed like the wailings of grief, the dirge of those they loved. The night taper seemed to burn with a feebler light, casting fainter shadows upon the walls, which fear makes a premonition of forthcoming evil. There is a trembling solicitude for friends at sea, in a stormy night, which none can know but those who are familiar with the exposures of seamen, and who have learned it from experience.

As the first unwelcome intelligence came to their ears, how was this painful apprehension borne on into tremulous anxiety. Like Hamath and Arpad, they are "confounded," "for they have heard evil tidings; they are faint-hearted; there is sorrow on the sea; they cannot be quiet." With what eager solicitude, on the return of a vessel from the scene of disaster, did they seek to know if their friends had been spoken with or seen since the gale. And, as intelligence of the loss of one and another of our little fleet is brought home, there came on in the hour of grief, that painful *suspense*,—distressing alternation between hope and fear,—in which now hope, now fear, prevails, and in which hope a thou-

sand times buried, is as often exhumed. How eagerly do wives and mothers *seek* for tidings, and yet almost *shrink* from what they seek. Children, too,—with what impatience do they hasten to the wharves to inquire if anything has been seen or heard of their fathers or brothers. Early one morning after an arrival, as a lad who had sought in vain for tidings of his father, ran out with eager hope of hearing something wherewith to relieve his anxious mother, he learned *that he had no father;* that the vessel in which he sailed, had been seen a wreck. He can now no more cheer his sorrowing mother by repeating to her those sweet words: "*My father.*" That father lies sleeping in the dark bosom of yonder deep sea. With a heart bursting with grief, he turns his steps towards his desolate home. But what shall he do? How can he be the bearer of such sad tidings to his disconsolate mother. Yet know it, he feels she must; what can he do? Restraining his grief, he wipes away his tears and enters the house. Scarcely has he laid by his little cap and seated himself at his morning's repast, ere the big tears streaming from his eyes, tell the grief that he cannot speak, in which that now despairing mother reads, what, of all things woman most dreads to know—I am a *widow;* my children are *fatherless.* Thus the stroke has fallen upon many among us. Their husbands, and fathers and sons and brothers are gone, they scarcely know how, or where, or when. They have witnessed upon them no wasting disease; have listened to no last words of love. They have seen no solemn *funeral* procession; they have heard no mournful tolling bell, nor looked down upon them when consigned to the silent tomb. And, although told that the watery winding sheet has wrapped them in its capacious folds, yet how can they *believe* so sad a tale? Thus it is that they sometimes hope against hope, —are so reluctant to bury their dead.

A season, marked with such sad disasters to our marine population, has probably never but once before occurred. In the spring of 1769, *fourteen* vessels, with something over one hundred men, were lost from Marblehead. During the preceding year, 1768, *nine* others with most of their men met with the same fate. In the two years of 1768–9, it is stated,* that twenty-three vessels were lost from the town, and all the men on board, one hundred and sixty-two, besides a considerable number who were washed overboard from vessels which returned. These left seventy widows and one hundred and fifty-five children. Add to these two years, the disasters of 1846, and we have an aggregate loss sustained by the town in three years, of thirty-four vessels, two hun-

*See Rev. Mr. Whitwell's Sermon, preached December, 1769.

dred and twenty-seven men, leaving one hundred and twelve widows, and three hundred and five fatherless children. In the last four years including the present, ninety-nine men have been removed from us in the same way, leaving sixty-eight widows and two hundred and twenty-one children not over twelve years of age.

These are the "things" of which we we are prone to say, they "are against us." And, when I consider all this sudden loss of property—when I survey the wide field of social ravage which has been occasioned, and am reminded of the hopes that are crushed, and the hearts that are bleeding; when I enter the habitations of sorrow to "visit the widows and the fatherless in their afflictions," and see helpless infancy and childhood leaning for support on such "bruised reeds," asking, in some instances, for bread, when there is none to be given save what is received from the open hand of charity—when I contemplate these things, I am for the moment, inclined to join in the exclamation: "All these things are against me."

But, before resting in such a conclusion, it were well to inquire what useful ends a wise Providence may have designed should be answered by these disasters. There is no point of view in which they will lose the reality of a serious loss,—a severe and grievous affliction. But are there no considerations which may serve to procure a more ready *acquiescence* in them, by presenting to our minds the good of which an overruling hand may make them the means? We say it is a great pecuniary loss, and so it is. But may not the providential design, and the tendency of this be to a greater gain? If a man loses a thousand dollars, and by that means, is led so to employ his capital and labor as to gain *two* thousand, it proves not so much a loss in the end, as the means of gain, by leading to an improved method of prosecuting his business. So, if there are other practicable modes of investing capital and employing labor, safer and more lucrative than the fisheries, may it not be one of the lessons which God designs the inhabitants of this town should learn by this providence, to seek out these practicable modes? And in doing so, may it not be that they would find these losses, even in respect to their pecuniary interests, *for*, instead of against them.

There are two questions, which, in ascertaining the design of this afflictive providence, should be particularly considered. One is this:—Is the fishing business attended by any more than the ordinary exposure of human life? The other is:—Does it yield to those engaged in it the ordinary fruits of industry? Upon the answers to these questions, must depend very much the interpretation which we ought to place upon our late losses at sea. If the vocation is ordinarily *safe* and ordinarily *pro-*

ductive, they cannot be legitimately construed as providentially against the business itself. If, however, a different answer is forced upon us by the facts in the case, another construction will not only be lawful, but wise and beneficial; in which event, these things may be against our occupation, but not against us. To the first, let us direct a moment's attention.

Is the fishing business attended by any more than the ordinary exposure of human life? To answer this, we need only the average mortality of the men employed in this, and that of those in the same period of life, engaged in the various avocations on the land.

The mortality in the town of Marblehead during the last eleven years, including deaths at sea, has been a little more than two per cent.; excluding deaths at sea, it is a little less than two per cent. Leaving out of account those too young to go to sea, and those too old, the mortality of the remainder who are employed on the land is about *one* per cent. Compare with this, now, the mortality of that class among us, who in this business, go down to the sea in ships. For the last 24 years the average number of men thus employed has been about 500; and for the last 40 years it has been about 600. During the last 40 years the mortality of this class has been two per cent. of the 600, and for the last eleven years it has been considerably *more* than the same proportion of the 500. But it is only about eight months in the year, at most, that they are employed upon the sea in the fishing business, so that their mortality, being two per cent for two-thirds of the year, would be three per cent. for the whole; while that of other men, in the same period of life, is only one per cent. The answer to the first question, then, is, that the exposure of human life in the prosecution of the fishing business is *three times as great as it is in other branches of industry* pursued on the land. With this result, every one who entertains the question of going to sea in this calling, should be familiar. Let all understand that the probabilities of death are as *three* for those who go, to *one* for those who stay. Let them remember that death, too, when it comes to men at sea, is *sudden*, with no protracted, warning twilight hour for reflection, and that it comes to them too under circumstances peculiarly afflictive to surviving relatives and friends. "Deep calleth unto deep" and "they go down quick," and all we can know of their thoughts and emotions is, that we can know nothing.

Now, as an equivalent for this extraordinary exposure of life, on the principle of making an equation with human life on the one side and mere property on the other, the products of labor and capital ought to be *three times* greater in the fisheries than they are when employed

on the land. But is it so? Are the labors of our fishermen three times more productive than those of landsmen? Does capital yield three times as much when employed in this way on the sea, as when employed at home? A single glance at the business aspects of the town will answer. The scores of shoresmen who have sunk their capital wholly, or in part, answer, No. The testimony of our hardy, brave, industrious fishermen, answers, No. And the many widows of this class who have inherited nothing from their husbands but their honest poverty, and their children to support in that poverty, with emphasis, will answer, No — this has not been a more than ordinarily productive business. For five years, said one of these industrious men to me, the avails of my labor have been no more than sufficient to support myself alone, leaving nothing for my family. Said another, my expenditures for the same length of time, equalled all the fruits of my toil, except *half* the bounty for *one* year. Says another still, who has been to some extent an owner of vessels, I have been in this business 40 years, and for 30 years I was engaged on the sea. I never lost a man, I never shipped a sea to suffer any injury, I have had better success than was common, and until this season have met with no misfortune of any kind. I have now lost a single schooner, and am left just where I was when I commenced. Surely, of such men, who have been fishing all their lives, it may be said as of the disciples, they have "caught nothing."

By statistics of the products of the various branches of industry in the Commonwealth for the year ending April, 1845, it appears that the products of the fisheries in this town were less in value, in proportion to the men and capital employed, by one *third*, and in some cases one *half*, than those received from various other branches of industry. Should it be said, that men upon the land are employed the whole of the year, while those engaged in the fisheries, are occupied only about half or two-thirds of it, it will be admitted. But it should be remembered that in other avocations the same rate of capital produces, in many cases one-third or one-half greater real valuation, with some times only *half* the amount of labor. Besides, it may be *one* objection to this branch of industry that it employs the capital invested in it only a portion of the year, and *another*, that it *so* employs it as to unfit some of the men for, or in part shut them out from productive labor the other portion.

But have not other towns been more successful in the business than this? I answer—some may have been, and some of them, as it appears from the statistics above referred to, not so much so. The value of products, in proportion to the number of men, and the capital employed in the cod-fisheries, is less than that of almost any other of the

ordinary branches of industry. And it is less than the *average* products of all the manufacturing branches together in the Commonwealth, by at least one-third, or one-half. And this too while the exposure of life in this one, entitles those engaged in it to a product of labor three times as great as that received in others.

It is a law of providence well accredited in the business world, that ordinary industry should be rewarded with the ordinary fruits of industry. It is also another law of providence well received in that same business world, that the fruits of industry should be in proportion to the hazard of life and property necessarily connected with it. Now, it would seem that in the continuance of the fishing business among us, both these laws of providence have been disregarded. Neither labor nor capital are as productive here as they ought to be. Not that this should be esteemed other than as a strictly honest employment. But, in view of facts, the question may, and I believe ought to be asked, whether it is an *expedient* one. Providence would that men should labor, but he would not that they should labor in *vain*. Is it wise to continue in such a perilous and unproductive pursuit? Is it adapting means to ends with that practical wisdom of which increasing facilities now afford abundant opportunity? I will even ask if it is *right* to risk so much to gain so little — needlessly, to so great an extent, to throw away human labor and human life? May not such violations of the laws of providence, be expected, in some way to meet with the rebukes of providence? Why else is it that this respectable class of our fellow citizens, when they are removed from among us, are obliged, in so large a proportion of instances, to leave in charge with the charitable, their destitute widows and children? They have ordinarily performed labor enough to have left them above such dependence. They have risked ther lives, and boldly braved the dangers of the ocean in a manner meriting easy, if not affluent circumstances. And such, I doubt not, would have been the condition of not a few of these bereaved families, at the present time, had the industry of the lost husbands and fathers been directed into channels, from which they could have received the ordinary fruits of industry. When, under these circumstances, such extraordinary providential disasters seem to be against us, is it not more prudent to consider them as premonitory lessons mercifully designed, for our "correction" in business, as well as "instruction in righteousness?" Sure I am, that, if the inhabitants of this town, engaged in this comparatively profitless pursuit, shall be led by these so uncommon reverses, to turn their labor and capital into other safer and more productive channels, they will see that these things are not all against them. A few

men of a former generation may have grown rich in gathering of "the abundance of the sea." But it is quite certain that the men of this generation, with an exception or two, are not doing so. Between ill success, and wrecks, and losses, poverty is coming upon them like an armed man. The voice of God to them, upon the sea, is for their present, as well as future benefit. He hath his "way in the whirlwind," and the "stormy wind" is "fulfilling his word."

I have spoken these things, not for merely financial purposes, as a pander to sordid avarice, to secularize this afflictive dispensation, by making it subservient to an unsanctified desire of gain. But I say them as being closely connected with the providence of God in this sad disaster, and as tending to make more plain the instructions which it is his design to communicate. I speak as I believe in perfect harmony with the voice of this providence, and, by giving it more distinct articulation, to urge its salutary lessons. I speak in behalf of the social, intellectual and moral, as well as financial interests of this whole class of our fellow citizens.

But there are other bereavements connected with this visitation of God, more afflictive than the loss of property. Sixty-five men, who were among the most industrious and worthy of our townsmen, have been suddenly removed from this to the eternal world. With some of them my comparatively brief acquaintance had been sufficient to awaken in me a more than ordinary interest. Some were exemplary members of the Christian church. The Christian hope was their sure and steadfast "anchor." The word of the Lord was their "compass," and their unslumbering pilot, He

> "That rebuked and controlled the proud waves at His will,
> And spoke "peace" to the tempest and bade it be still."

Others belonged to one or more of the various social, literary or moral societies which exist among us. And all of them, as husbands, as fathers, as sons or brothers, were bound to life by the strongest ties of nature and of affection. But these bonds could not hold them to life. They have gone from us. In an hour of fearful struggle, opposing vain resistance to the winds and waves, they went down quick, and we see them no more. Their graves are in yonder deep; their memories in the hearts of those they loved. By a suitable monument, sacred to that memory, erected in yonder ancient burial ground, let the knowledge of this calamity, in which they perished, be transmitted to future generations.

To those whose presence in this house of God to-day, witnesses that He hath brought "them to their desired haven," I shall have no occasion to say all these things are not against them. They have seen "the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep," as few others have ever beheld them. God hath spoken loudly to them. May they hear the voice of warning and responding, henceforth sing—

"The Cross is my anchor, all storms shall soon cease,
And my vessel though frail, reach the haven of peace,
"No shipwreck or storm need I evermore fear
"When danger's extreme, then my Saviour is near."

But these wives made widows, and these children left fatherless, and these mourners now endless! How can these things but be against them? I answer, in the *design* of their Author and in the *ends* which they are suited to subserve. So far as they may have been in rebuke, the design of them is to lead to *repentance*. Wherein they may have been in judgment, it is that they may learn *righteousness*. And as a chastisement, they are for the correction and improvement of his people. It is to lead the widows in their afflictions to make the Lord their husband, and to teach the children to seek a father in Him, and the dependent mothers to lean on one who is a more sure support than many sons. And is that against them which is suited in its tendency and design to do this for them? Is not reliance on God better than to trust in man, and his favor more than many children? God has many ways whereby to bring good to men, of which affliction is by no means the least common or effectual. And He, to whom belongeth "the silver and the gold," has resources out of which to provide for his poor, of which they know little. When he has said, "commit thy fatherless children to me, and I will keep them alive, and let thy widows trust in me," think you "the labor of the olive shall" *wholly* "fail" to them, "and the field yield no meat?' How, already, has He in whose hands are the hearts of all men, turned some of those hearts in a sympathizing charity towards these afflicted poor! How have their wants been promptly met by this ready sympathy, even before we had need, or *time* almost to ask in their behalf, for aid! The tribute of our heartfelt acknowledgment for that generous voluntarily proffered assistance, is due to those friends of humanity in the neighboring cities and towns from whom it has been received. We thank them for their timely liberal aid; and not less for their warm active sympathy—in the name of humanity, and of these sufferers, we thank them. We tell them that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and although many of them are personally unknown to us, yet that He who seeth in secret shall reward them openly.

And we hope that those who may receive these benefactions, will not find them the *best* things conferred in their afflictions. There is, than these, a more "enduring substance." The "*true* riches," an incorruptible inheritance, of which He who is the heir of all things will make them the possessors who seek him in trouble. Whosoever enquireth in his sorrow, "where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?" shall be enabled to sit tranquil in the deepest gloom, and say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Yes, bereaved friends, in the thickest darkness, there is onewho can cause to spring up the sweetest and most cheering light. And out of the greatest afflictive evil, there is one who can bring the greatest spiritual good. He takes us from our earthly dependencies, that he may place us upon a heavenly reliance,—turns us from our broken cisterns, that he may lead us to the living fountain. He rends the harp strings of the human spirit only that he may tune them into a sweeter harmony with the symphonies of heaven. These things against us? No, they are not surely in their design against us. Construed against our follies and mistakes they *ought* to be. Against our sins they *are*, but against us, if we *improve* them, they are not and cannot be. Our merciful Father rebukes not to injure, but for our correction. His chastisements are not in anger to his people, but in love. He is ready to give you much more and better things than these which he has taken from you, and thereby lead you, reversing the desponding language of the patriarch, exultingly to say, "none of these things are against me," "all things shall work together for good to them that love God." "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

APPENDIX.

The monument is composed of a block of clear white marble, ten feet high, resting upon a firm granite base, and surmounted by a pyramid, five feet high, making the height of the whole from the base, fifteen feet. It is placed upon an eminence in the Old Burying Ground, and is visible from ten to fifteen miles at sea. It does honor to the society which has erected it, to the good taste of the Committee, and the skill of the architects, and it will remain one of the most interesting objects of attention to the coming generations of our population that the town contains.

The religious solemnities on the occasion of the erection of the monument were the following:

1. Singing by the Marblehead Singing Society.
2. Invocation, by Rev. Mr. Dana.
3. Reading of the Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Breare.
4. Singing.
5. Address, by Rev. Mr. Lawrence.
6. Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Smith.
7. Singing.
8. Benediction, by Rev. Mr. Ballard.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE MONUMENT.

[On the North Side.]

MONUMENT

Erected A. D., 1848.

By the

MARBLEHEAD CHARITABLE SEAMEN'S SOCIETY.

Instituted February 12, 1831.

IN MEMORY OF

ITS DECEASED MEMBERS.

On Shore and at Sea.

[On the South Side.]

Lost at Sea.

1331—Nicholas G. Adams, John D. Dennis, John Goodwin, 3d., Phillip B. Millet, Winslow Ramsdell, Bartholomew Francis, Samuel Snow.

1832—Benjamin Ramsdell, John F. Green, John Millet.

1833—William Francis.

1834—Benjamin A. Richardson, Thomas H. Adams, Robert Devereux, Jr.

1836—Robert E. Vickery. 1838—Benjamin Nowland.

1839—Robert Cloutman.

1840—Nathaniel H. Atkins, Benjamin F. Doliber, Benjamin Russell.

1842—Aaron B. Knapp, William Laskey, Thomas Powers.

1943—John Goodwin, Jr. 1844—Philip Bridgeo.

1845—William Crowninshield, John Brown, Thomas Trefry.

1847—Thomas Felton. 1848—Nicholas Tucker, Jr.

[East Side.]

Lost on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in the Memorable Gale of September 19, 1846:

Joseph C. Bowden.	William Girdler.
George Bridgeo.	William L. Hooper.
Charles Chadwick.	Moses Peachy.
John Courtis.	Osman C Stacey.
Samuel Dodd, 3d.	Francis C. Stephens.
Benjamin Dodd.	John Treefry.
Thomas Doliber.	Edward F. Treefry.

Whole number lost from Marblehead in the gale, 65 men and boys; 43 heads of families, leaving 43 widows. 155 fatherless children.

"*The sea shall give up the dead that are in it.*"

[West Side.]

On Shore.

1836—Thomas Cloutman, Richard Girdler.

1837—William Adams, Richard B. Carswell, William Reed.

1838—William P. Brown. 1839—Samuel Collyer.

1840—Thomas Follett.

1844—John Nutting, James Oliver, Benjamin Pedrick, Joseph Phillips.

1845—George Chinn, William Goodwin, Jonas D. Homan.

1846—William B. Adams, Robert B. Chinn.

1847—Isaac Collyer, Christopher Grant.

"All that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth."

The following Vessels were lost with their Crews, September 19, 1846, *leaving* 43 *widows, and* 155 *children:*

In the schooner Pacific.

John Cross,	Eleazer Leach,	John Hunt,
Edward Homan,	Isaac Wadden,	John Bates.
	Robert Devereux,	

In the schooner Liberty.

Ebenezer Lecraw,	John Lancey,	Samuel Graves,
George LeMaster,	Thomas Doliber,	Robert Blare.
	Richard Goss,	

In the schooner Sabine.

Samuel Dodd,	Joseph Homan,	Benj. Garney,
David Peirce,	Edward H. Dixey,	Nicholas Florence.
	Henry Pitman.	

In the schooner Senator.

Charles Chadwick,	Joseph Graves,	Mark H. Giles,
John Gilbert,	Edward Dixey, Jr.,	John Glover.
	Elisha D. Pedrick,	

In the schooner Zela.

William Hooper,	John White, 2d.,	Thomas Caswell, Jr.
John D. Bowden,	Samuel Blackler, Jr.,	John Wallace.
	Amos Humphrey,	

In the schooner Minerva.

Francis Stevens,	William Wooldridge,	Michæl Phillips,
Osmyn Stacey,	Philip Trasher,	Browno Aleanda.
	Archibald Sinclair,	

In the schooner Salus.

John Trefry,	Joseph Atkins,	Fred'c Donalson, Jr.
Benjamin Martin,	Thomas Pedrick,	John Green.
	William Girdler,	

In the schooner Warrior.

Sans Standley, 2d.,	Moses Peachy,	George Bridgeo,
Benjamin Dodd,	Edward Humphrey,	Samuel Goodwin.
	William Blackler.	

In the schooner Trio.

William Bridgeo,	Edward F. Trefry,	William Harris,
John Roads,	Joseph Bowden,	James Eastland.
	John Curtis,	

In the schooner Clinton.

John White, 3d., Nehemiah Stone, 3d.

In the schooner Good Exchange—1845.

John Green,	John A. Anderton,	Richard Caswell,
Thomas Trefry,	William Bartlett,	William B. Brown.

In the schooner James Mugford—1847.

Robert B. Mason,	Benjamin Hawkes,	William Green, Jr.
Thomas Felton,	Simon Gordon,	Abraham Clough.
	Thomas Roundey, Jr.	

From 1768 to 1770, the town lost 23 vessels and all their crews, amounting to 162 men, who left 70 widows and 155 children.